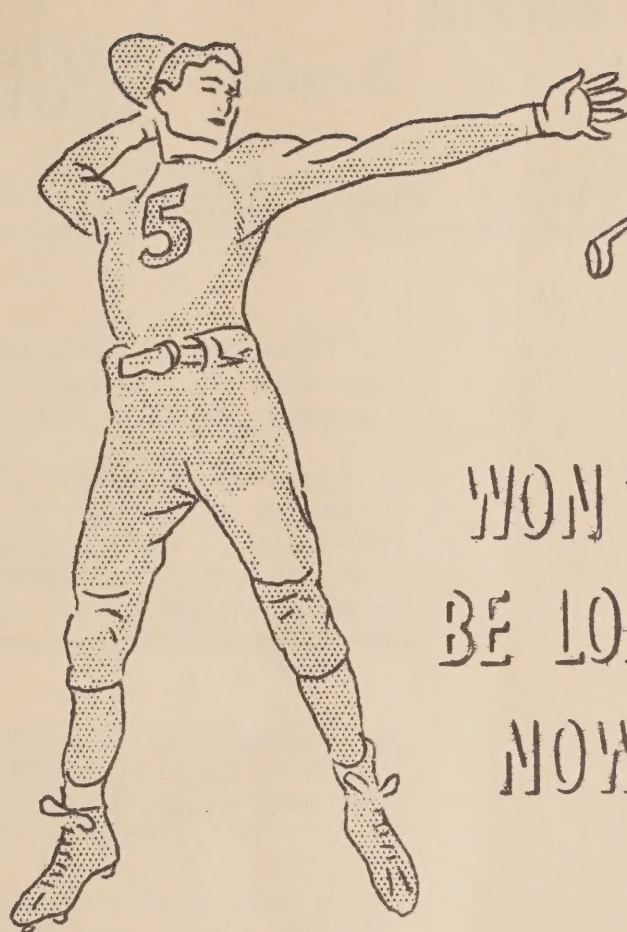


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# CHANGING



WON'T  
BE LONG  
NOW



HELPING TIME SERVE THE INMATE  
TIMES



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MARCH 1975

CHANGING

Volume II

Number III

# TIMES HELPING TIME SERVE THE INMATE

CHANGING TIMES is published by the Library Department at Regional Reception Centre, Kingston, Ontario.

Written, edited and produced by inmates, it is intended to act as a medium to bring about a better and lasting understanding among inmates, while, at the same time, be an instrument of communication with the outside world.

Permission for publication of material in CHANGING TIMES is freely given on the understanding that the usual credits be given.

Unsolicited submissions will be welcome but we regret that we cannot promise the return of manuscripts.

Subscriptions are available at the low cost of \$2.00 per year. Why not write us at this address:

CHANGING TIMES  
P.O. Box 22  
Kingston, Ontario  
K7L 4V7

The opinions expressed herein, unless otherwise specified, are those of the editor. They do not necessarily represent those of the Administration.

## BY PERMISSION OF

M.J. Nolan

Acting Director

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M.R. Clarke

Librarian

Liaison Officer

\*\*\*\*\*

Inmate Editor

Bob

\*\*\*\*\*





# EDITORIAL

The fortunes of man, whether good or bad, may be, with thought, traced back to a single moment of decision.

With a word, an act or merely silence, we affirm or deny a chain of events, that on one hand lead to fortune - or on the other, may carry us but to failure and disgrace.

So it is with a man of some success, could he not review events of the past and place a finger unerringly on the moment when fate was balanced like a delicate scale, to waver and finally fall his way.

So it is also with the man who, perhaps knowingly, perhaps unknowingly, takes the first move in a chain of circumstances that leads not only to prison but possible death.

Thus the wheel of fortune - the right decision at the wrong time may lead to nothing, and the wrong decision at the right time lead on to fame and fortune. Even no decision at all may prove the lucky circumstances, carried on the crest of chance to a veritable bonanza of success.

So let us woo dame fortune and be prepared to grasp that chance, perhaps even to influence and shape that luck in life that all men seek.

For as life is but a stage - and we as actors perform on cue - then perhaps the curtain will drop at the end of the third act to the plaudits of our fellow men, of faint cheering from the wings.

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When it comes to sports, I guess I am just about as avid a viewer as you will find. I like them all. But I (and I certainly am not alone) am rapidly losing much of the exhilaration that true sports supposedly exude.

Sports is no longer a contest between two teams or two individuals. It is now nothing more than a battle of the pocket books.

A green teen=ager is paid some exorbitant fee, and then is content to coast through the motions. I certainly do not blame him for getting all the money he can from the so-called "fat cats", but why should we pay for it?

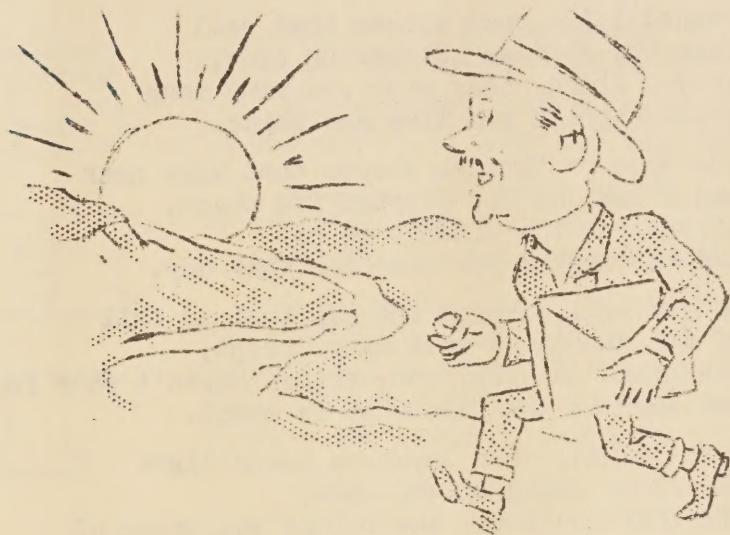
To compensate, the schedules are made longer and the calibre of play is far below par. As of now, the finals in the NHL could go on until almost the end of May before a "champion" is crowned! Are you ready for that?

Let's take a little of the "soft" money away and see if we can't replace it with a little desire!

*BeB*



Life is a long, winding road for a man to follow. The path, or main purpose, is to find himself. Once he can accomplish this goal, all turmoil within himself ceases to be.



# THE PRISONER WITHIN

by George E. Cooper

We all strive for health, happiness and the future. The future is, of course, based on the past; learning, experience, sorrow, joy.

"Where does this road of life lead us?" you ask.

Only you can know the answer... once you find the truth about yourself. But, at what point in our lives do we find the answer? Take a good hard look at yourself: what do you come up with? Not satisfied? Then, neither am I - or is anyone!

For living is so much in so short a time. Time for achievement or failures. Time for laughing and time for crying.

To each of us belongs a purpose; to share and to give of ourselves.

When we have only ourselves to offer in the balance of all things - Here I am! One man, ready to stand, to believe I have a purpose in life.

When we apply a touch of idealism to realism, then this is the best combination. Make sense? We all have the potential elements to strive, to

obtain the ultimate achievement - peace within ourselves.

I, as a person, am incarcerated. But what about the person locked away inside? This other person I speak of is also me.

Changes have to be made inside ones self before he faces life on the "outside" once again.

"Is this too great a sacrifice," I ask. Never!

Never has no end, but my way has. Strive to be the person you want to be - totally at peace with yourself. Life is your only role to play - so play the part to its fullest.

Be a man among men. Return to the free world, never look back, and, above all else, never return!

Losses are never counted - only victories. You have a place in free society. Go find it!

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HAVE A NICE DAY



# POETRY

## DREAM

Down misty lanes, past forgotten ways  
comes to mind the memories of youth,  
the love of your life, the agony and strife  
and success for combining the two.

Through darkened halls come voices that call  
like the shadows of evening tide,  
to help you along, they sing you your song  
while happily you live and abide.

Then sunshine appears through clouds that were near  
and a new day has started its phase,  
to help you see the wonders to be  
and the muster you need for that day.

You push and you pull through the day that is full  
of the hardships that many accept,  
with one grain of salt, some things weren't your fault  
but such is the life that is meant.

And then in the night, when darkness takes light  
the whole thing arises anew,  
the life that you love, the things you dream of  
and the dreams that you wish would come true.

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## FREE TO BE

Smirk not, oh keepers of the key,  
For you are but straw men to me;  
Bought with silver, sold for gold,  
Doing always what you're told.

You lock my body in a cell,  
The body, sirs, is but a shell;  
You think that you imprison me,  
Not so, straw men, my soul is free.

You stare injustice in the face,  
You help oppress the human race;  
Exchanging moral dignity,  
For progress and expediency.

It matters not, you'll go along,  
You'll sing your patriotic song;  
Material gain entraps your mind,  
To right and wrong straw men are blind.

I have chosen to be me,  
With your system, sirs, I disagree;  
For this you seek to punish me,  
I'm banished, yes, but I am free.

Yes, I reject society,  
'till it accepts equality;  
For each and every humble man,  
'till then, with him, I make my stand.

(Erv. Sinnett)



# S I G H T

Any "live" entertainment we are fortunate enough to get in here must give of their time on a gratis basis and, usually, on the one day of the week they have off - Sunday.

Of all the groups that have been asked to come and perform for us, it is nice to report that the acceptance figure has been almost one hundred per cent. They all seem to give the same reason - the response is tremendous.

One of the better groups to appear here recently was SIGHT AND SOUND, a Sudbury-based group presently making it big on the circuit.

Dwayne Brown, Jim Dunn, Gilles Lanthier and Rick Labulas came in and put on an hour and half show of extremely high calibre.

Dwayne, the leader of the group (and a fine drummer) had this to say: "Without a doubt, this is one of the most responsive crowds we have ever played for. They're great!"

Running the gamut from "I Shot The Sheriff" through "China Roses" and "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet", SIGHT AND SOUND showed a complete versatility as they did take offs on such well known groups as The Guess Who, Lighthouse, The Rolling Stones and Bachman Turner Overdrive - and handled each with finesse.

Taken individually, each man is, I think, a dedicated and talented performer - each striving for the opportunity and break to

# AND

make it big in the entertainment field.

Dwayne (he's the pudgy one - well, maybe not pudgy, but pleasingly plump!) is a true showman on the drums. Besides being a strong and driving force, he has the charisma of being able to "come across" without distracting from the group. That is the sign of a "pro".

Gilles Lanthier, on rhythm guitar and piano, displayed his versatility on what is generally considered the backbone of any group. His work on the synthesizers was particularly effective.

Jim Dunn on lead guitar filled the role of "lead man" although it must be stressed once again that there really was no leader: merely a well synchronized group. However, someone has to take the lead and Jim more than adequately filled the bill.

Quite often the bass player in a group is overlooked, and that is a pity. Where would any group be without the steady "wump, wump, wump" of the bass?

Rick Labulas showed a great deal of dexterity, along with more than a smattering of showmanship, in his handling of this difficult instrument. Once again, it was a case of his presence being "felt" rather than heard.

That last phrase would seem to sum up the entire group. No one was stealing the thunder of someone else. A closely knit and well functioning group, SIGHT AND SOUND was a pleasure to hear - even for an old crock like me!

To Wayne, Jim, Gilles and Rick, I can only say "thanks a million" - and don't forget us when you come back this way. We'll still be here!

# S O U N D



# HUMAN

A nicely turned ankle and a pretty face are always a welcome and anticipated sight around any institution. When you multiply that by three, add considerable personality and the unbridled eagerness of youth, someone has to be a winner. In this case it was the inmates of this Horrendous Hacienda.

Karen Ling, Pam Forshee and Linda Cockins are three students, in their final year of Correctional Work at St. Lawrence College - doing "field work" for a couple of weeks. One of the bonuses of this job is that you get to interview people like this. Gads, it almost makes it worth coming to jail!!!

"I really think these two weeks have given us more of an insight into penology as a whole than any class work we might have been given" Karen says.

"I guess the fact that we can mingle with the inmates and sit in on most of the classes and lectures, gives an added depth to our job" Pam asserts.

"I think I am going to find these two weeks to be most rewarding," adds Linda, "although really too short."

For the full two weeks, these three have "come to jail" every morning at half past eight and stayed until half past four. On many nights, when a program of consequence (such as The Native Brotherhood, The John Howard Society, etc) were on, they have been here as late as half past nine or ten. This is a case of wanting to learn, not having to learn, and speaks well for the younger generation. We often hear of the inverse side but Pam, Linda and Karen do a great deal to offset any adverse comments.

Karen and Linda, both natives of Belleville and Pam, who hails from Oshawa, say they will miss the place when they leave. Take heart, kids! The place will miss you even more.

This program of field work was set up by the mutual cooperation of R.E. Watkins, Program Co-Ordinator, Correction Worker Program and Mrs. Bronwyn Caspary and David Fairbairn, both of the Human Studies Department at St. Lawrence College and G.J. Rhodes, Assistant Director D & PP. To the best of my knowledge this is the second such undertaking. If prima facia evidence can be used as a criteria, it is to be hoped that they follow up with more of the same. It can do nothing but good for all concerned.

Even though the word "rehabilitation" has become almost an obscene expression to many, it is the accepted terminology of the masses. If such should be the case, these three young ladies are bound to add a wealth of talent and knowledge to a sadly understaffed field. I can only hope that they follow their principles and receive all the encouragement necessary.

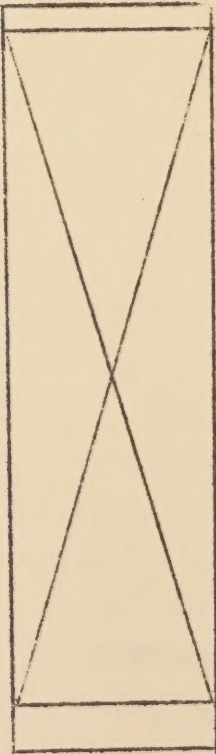
Thanks again, girls. It's been a pleasure having you around.

# STUDIES

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# N A T I V E



Due to circumstances beyond my control, I have no official heading for this article. Our "resident artist" is out to court!!!

I welcome articles from the Native Brotherhood and hope this is but the first of many.

Bob

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The NATIVE BROTHERHOOD has been going for quite some time now - but we atill haven't got it together. However, we are trying to hang in there with our other Sisters and Brothers.

We are going to try to get some beadwork and woodwork - but first we have to maintain a consolidated group with all our Brothers.

Being a Reception Centre, we find that almost all of our Brothers are here for only the shortest of times and find it difficult to get involved. We must find something to hold their interest while they are here.

We are going to start off by getting some clarification on our financial status through our Administrator. More info next month.

John Morris

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## NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF INDIAN AND METIS

The Native Brotherhood has recently started a fellowship here.

The Native Brotherhood is an organization with the purpose of trying to help one another - and to have a better understanding of our Sisters and Brothers in other institutions.

We have guest speakers coming in each week and the group gets a chance to ask for advice or get a better understanding. The group itself is trying to get certain projects started - with an assist from certain organizations on the outside.

The Native Brotherhood group here at RRC is interested in trying to explain things to the newcomers passing through. By the time they transfer to another institution they will have an idea of just what to expect.

The group tries to make another Brother feel "wanted", or to be one of the family, to relax, to be interested in our Native People AND the non-status people, and whatever we have.

# B R O T H E R H O O D



We do try to get some projects started but it is pretty hard to keep up with it due to the fairly rapid turnover in members. However, we are all trying to keep up with the outside world and to make The Native Brotherhood a success.

We know that there are lots of people much concerned and involved. I myself wanted to know what the Brotherhood was all about. I recently found out after I attended my first meeting. I am sure there are lots of Brothers in some of the other institutions with the same experience. There's so much to learn - and so much help that we can give one another.

Ever since I first started going to the meetings at the institution, I have found it so much easier to make friends and communicate with them. This was never my "strong point" previously. At first I didn't really believe in the Brother = hood; it was nothing more than an opportunity to get out of my cell. THEN - when I started going to the meetings, the realization took over that this was something we had. It gave us the chance to make contacts that might otherwise not come up. It shows just what a little dedication can do - and, most important, it gave each Brother a chance to help the other.

Granted, we must now attend meetings while incarcerated, but we will also be able to attend meetings when we are free - no matter where we are. I know most of us will attend after we are released; it is such a good feeling to be able to be of assistance to someone!

I know some of the white people go to the meetings just to hear what is said and what goes on, but they quite often end up by becoming members.

We do not have a large group here but we do have an active group - and even though most of us are here for only a short time, our program will continue on an even keel and will flourish. We do encounter small problems from time to time - but this is not exclusive to an institution. The only difference is that any small problem in here seems to become magnified all out of proportion.

So far so good. It is a pleasure trying to accomplish something - and truly an ecstasy to do it. We will keep trying to do more. Why not join us? And don't forget to support the Native Brotherhood no matter where you are.

The Native Brotherhood  
Regional Reception Centre  
Kingston, Ontario.

Wilfred Toulouse \* Chairman  
Ron Redskye \* Secretary

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#### A THOUGHT

Every man is a prisoner, whether it be in physical form or in spirituality. But a man can always be as free as he wants to be spiritually, although he may not be able to be free physically. "The Lord loveth the prisoners".... (Psalm 146:7). The point of this verse is that if you are continually bound up with the troubles and anxieties of this world, you can always humble yourself in an earnest prayer and He will hear you. But, remember, He cannot act unless you trust Him to. "Then will I keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee" (Isaiah 26:3).

Submitted by R22 David Flare



# NOTES

## TO THE EDITOR

Re: Professor Onna Wing

Dear Sir:

Professor Wing is currently making a study of the bird problem, and the noise resulting therefrom, in Kingston Regional Reception Centre. He is being subsidized by a Canadian Government Grant in the amount of five million dollars.

When I recently interviewed him in the prison yard, while he was holding one of the pesky little creatures upside down by its feet. He remarked, "We'll get to the bottom of this thing."

Professor Wing has recently composed a poem in his sparrow time, which I do believe tells a great human story of what it's all about in his scientific work.

My only remarks are one of deep encouragement, "Hang in there Prof. - like a bat!"

His poem is entitled, simply.....

### T H E   S P A R R O W

Tweetee, Tweetee, Little sparrow,  
What is wrong with your spinal marrow?  
You squawk and squawk all day long -  
Yet fail to create a melodious song.

I know you're a jail bird just like I,  
There's only one difference: you can fly!  
While I must sit here and cry,  
Listening to your incessant lullaby.

Day and night you disturb my sleep,  
You lousy little, flying creep!  
With your maddening peep..peep..peep  
Into the toilet you should go - deep..deep..deep!

I hear you in the early morn,  
In sunshine, rain or storm;  
To make my life forlorn,  
Your squawking peep I scorn.

I've checked your pedigree  
and must agree  
You're not a bird at all  
You're crappy brown and ratty small,  
And a failure at your mating call!

You immigrated from England, they say  
Only two - and came to stay;  
The only baggage you have brought  
Was your nerve-wracking squawk!



You came uninvited,  
no papers or passport was sighted;  
Our prison life you've blighted  
The Warden will grant you a parole to -  
get your squawking behind flighted  
Back from where you came - that's fair game!

Alas! No welcome there you'd get,  
I'm sure you, they're trying to forget  
Your non-song squawking peep  
They've sent you here to destroy our sleep.

You dirty our bars and pollute our halls  
With your flying lime-coated balls;  
What purpose do you serve?  
What credit do you deserve?

Perhaps a rebellion at the front  
Will awake them to your no good account  
God pray they'll call out the guards  
And order the troops  
To give you the boots  
Then we can get some blasted sleep  
From your blasted irritating squawking peep!

MR. SPARROW!!!! PLEASE GO HOME!!!

#### Summary Notes:

Professor Onna Wing is listed in the "Who Has Not", the book of Bad Records -  
and has the following disqualifications:

Flight Commander Onna Wing, DFC -- BBS with bar-

<u>War Record</u>	Boer War	1894 to 1900	Chief Pilot
	World War 1	1914 to 1918	Mechanic
	World War 2	1939 to 1946	Grease Monkey

He is, also, Sir: Past President "Bad Bird Watchers (Canada) Ltd  
Box W, Ottawa, Ontario

Presently Teaching: Canadian Odd Bird Tunes  
Queen's University  
Box V, Kingston, Ontario

And, Sir, he is: Vice President In Charge Of Sales:

World-Wide Bird Dung Inc.,  
Manufacturers of highlime content for growing  
Mushrooms, Merry Ho Ho and Lilly Pads!

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#### PUTRID PUNS

A drunk staggered into a funeral parlor and demanded a  
Scotch and Soda. When the undertaker explained where  
he was, the drunk pulled himself together and announced  
with dignity, "Well, Sir, in that case you may give me  
a bier!"

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# SPECIAL

## Ed's Note

Good, informative reading should be the aspiration of all, whether it be original or a reprint.

The following is the first in a series. It is taken from a booklet published by The National Institute On Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism in Rockville, Maryland, U.S.A. Distribution in Canada is by The House of Seagram.

I urge everyone to read each installment. These are facts all of us should know.

## ALCOHOL & ALCOHOLISM

### 1. BACKGROUND

#### Alcoholic Beverages And Man: Pleasures, Problems and Prohibitions

Whenever and wherever man has existed, alcohol has usually been there too. According to paleontologists, there is evidence that prehistoric man as long as 200 million years ago had the four basic ingredients - sugar, water, yeast and mild warmth - needed to produce it. Since the beginnings of written history, we have ample testimony from the Egyptians, ancient Hebrews, Romans and Greeks that intoxicating beverages, both wines and stronger drinks, and their effects were well known within these cultures. The Egyptians credit Osiris, and the Greeks, Bacchus (or Dionysus) with introducing wine, while Noah is the reputed wine-bringer of the Hebrews. The Bible contains at least five different Hebrew words for alcoholic beverages: "yayin," meaning wine; "homer," meaning fresh, young unmixed wine; "tiros," meaning strong wine; "meseg," meaning mixed wines and "sekhor," meaning a strong drink, and implying the presence of stronger beverages than wine.

For as long as men have been drinking, alcohol has been a two-faced companion. The face of Bacchus betokens alcohol as a source of relaxation, pleasure and conviviality, nourishing the body, restoring and preserving health, and ennobling festivals and rituals throughout the ages. Or, as an anonymous 13th-century bacchanalian put it:

It (alcoholic beverages) sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it abandoneth melancholic, it relisheth the heart, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirit, it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazzling, the tongue from lisping, the mouth from snaffling, the teeth from chattering and the throat from rattling; it keepeth the stomach from wmauling, the heart from swelling, the hands from shivering, the sinews from shrink - ing, the veins from crumbling, the bones from aching, and the marrow from soaking.

Despite these heady commendations, there is some truth to the claims made. Alcohol in one form or another was probably the first tranquilizer known to human beings and remains today the most widely used. It is a food since it is a source of calories



although as nourishment it is imperfect, having no vitamins, and may be harmful when taken in place of more nutritious food. It is also a drug since it acts upon the central nervous system. As medicine, alcohol has a long and distinguished record. While it has no curative powers, it is still used by physicians as a tranquilizer or sedative for convalescent and geriatric patients. Alcoholic beverages are now being used by some physicians in the diets of diabetic patients since alcohol, unlike sugar, does not require insulin for metabolism. In short, as Shakespeare observed in Act II of Othello "Good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used."



Unfortunately it is the nature of man and alcohol that such beverages are not often well used. Thus, the second face of alcohol, the gaping mask of tragedy, is seen far too frequently, whether it be the anguished expression of the alcoholic patient undergoing the pains of withdrawal, or the disbelieving horror of the drinking driver confronting his accident victim. The history of man and alcohol has documented the destruction of individual lives and families throughout the ages, through excessive, irresponsible drinking. It has recorded as well the efforts of moral, religious, political and social leaders to encourage at least moderation, and at times, total abstinence.

An 18th-century Frenchman, Francois de Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon, summed up the tragedy of irresponsible drinking:

Some of the most dreadful mischiefs that afflict mankind proceed from wine; it is the cause of disease, quarrels, sedition, idleness, aversion to labor, and every species of domestic disorder.

Through history, drunkenness has been considered a problem (although at times it was accepted and even given approval). Moderation has been the most frequently recommended remedy. One of the oldest temperance tracts on record was written in Egypt about 3000 years ago under the title "Wisdom of Ani":

Take not upon thyself to drink a jug of beer. Thou speakest, and an unintelligible utterance issueth from thy mouth. If thou fallest down and thy limbs break, there is none to hold out a hand to thee. Thy companions in drink stand up and say..... "Way with this sot." And thou art like a little child.

Similar sentiments in Greek, Roman, Indian, Japanese and Chinese writings, and in both the Old and New Testaments denounce excessive drinking.

In the United States by 1619, twelve years after alcoholic beverages were brought to America with the settling of the Virginia Colony, their excessive use resulted in a law decreeing that any person found drunk for the first time was to be reproved privately by the minister... the second time, publicly; the third time to "lie in halter" for 12 hours and pay a fine. Yet in the same year, the Virginia assembly passed other legislation encouraging the production of wines and distilled spirits in the colony. As one modern historian has noted: "It was not the custom of drinking that was unacceptable in early Virginia, but drinking to excess."

In the Massachusetts Bay Colony, brewing came to rank next in importance to milling and baking. There, as in Virginia, occasional drunkenness was punished by whipping, fines, and confinement in the stocks. But, as Norbert Kelly writes: "The Puritans neither disdained nor prohibited the use of beverage alcohol. They were emphatic, however, in urging moderation in drinking."

The temperance movement - which sprang in considerable measure from the alcoholic excesses of the Industrial Revolution in England - was not long in coming to America. It began with the goal of temperance in its literal sense: moderation. In the 1830's at the peak of this early campaign, temperance leaders, many of whom drank beer and



wine, maintained that the remedy for intemperance was abstinence from distilled spirits only.

The next decades brought a significant change. The meaning of temperance was gradually altered from moderation to total abstinence. All alcoholic beverages were attacked as unnecessary, harmful to health, and inherently poisonous. The demand rose for total prohibition.

In 1919 the prohibitionists triumphed: the 18th. Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was passed, making it illegal to manufacture or sell alcoholic beverages. From 1920 to 1933, the Amendment remained in effect, shaping the Nation's social patterns, economy, and even its underground life. Even now, almost 40 years later, prohibition remains a controversial subject.

Its defenders claim that it brought substantial reduction in drinking, a decrease in drunkenness, and marked economic improvement to the country. Its opponents say that the experiment curbed only the moderate drinker, and brought new and dangerous glamour to drinking and intoxication. (We can still conjure up the clandestine excitement of the "speakeasy" days.) They claim that it destroyed public respect for law enforcement officers and bred crime, violence and general corruption that marked the boot-legging of illicit liquor.

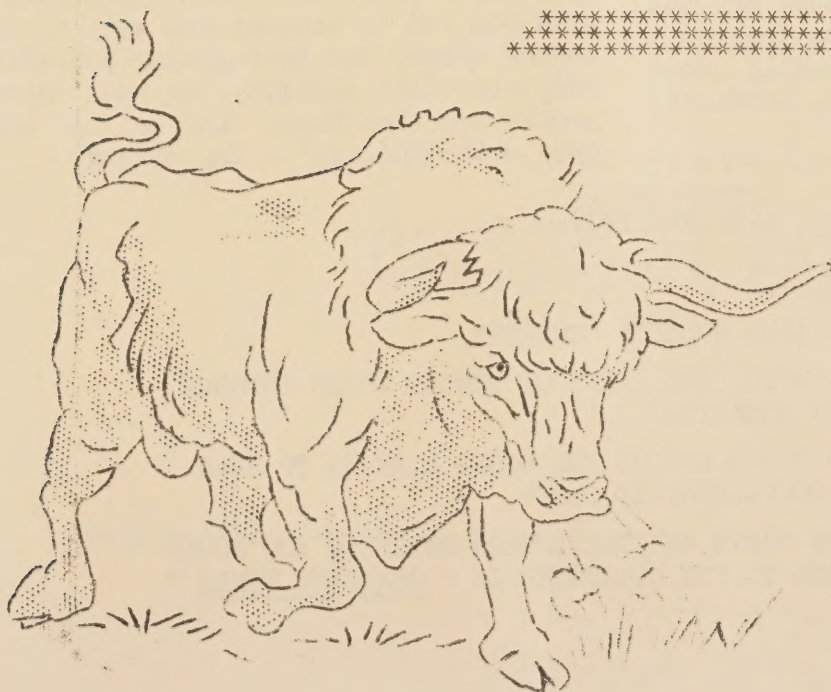
Whatever the validity of these views, the impact of prohibition on our subsequent attitudes toward drinking has been significant. Our national experiment has been rejected, and today it is generally accepted that those adults who wish to drink have the right to do so. But Americans are now confronting the reality that that right must carry with it certain responsibilities. Recognizing that many Americans are drinking to excess, endangering the lives and the welfare of themselves, their families and all those around them, science is beginning to seek ways to encourage personal and social controls, to provide medical, social and psychiatric services for those whose drinking is out of control, and to create a new climate in which every individual understands the effects of alcohol and assumes responsibility for its intelligent, considerate use - if his chooses to drink.

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#### FIRST OF A SERIES

NEXT MONTH: "Understanding Alcohol And Its Effects"

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THERE IS NO NEED TO BE BULL  
HEADED ABOUT THIS ANY LONGER!  
WHY NOT SEND CHANGING TIMES  
TO A FRIEND? WHAT ELSE CAN  
YOU BUY FOR TWO BUCKS A YEAR!  
WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU.



# PEOPLE

by S. Lake

There are those who are strong, who have all the qualities needed to organize, to act and to give leadership:

B U T

Their hearts are hardened, they have no compassion, they are too self-reliant and independent - they have cut off parts of their personality. The capacity to enter deeply into relationships with other human beings is no longer functional. They somehow see others as objects, or at least inferior and without worth.

They are more at ease with documents, materials, with "interesting labels" or with people who must be ordered about like robots rather than with someone who is suffering or who is distressed and in need of compassion. They are "pushy" and their awareness of self is one of superiority.

Where are the others? In spite of their qualities, their mental and technical capacities they have not allowed their emotions to become cold and somewhat inflexible. These are the ones who have been able to keep that sensibility that allows a man to communicate with and have compassion for his fellow man.

They are not afraid of a human relationship: they are the ones with an out-going nature that is appealing, usually combined with gentleness, goodness and understanding.

People, through their will and reason, take their places on society and act accordingly. Many get lost in the norm of society, many get wounded and sick - get stepped on and used and many are innocent but still are of great value.

Yet, there is hope, is there is love; the many kinds and wonder-filled love.

It is this love that instead of driving us to dominate others, helps us to feel for a person and identify ourselves with him and to communicate with a feeling of warmth and self-giving sacrifice, and, above all humility. We need more people relationships. Let us be the ones - the "others" - the strong.

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IS YOUR ADDRESS CORRECT?

[ 2 ]

HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS OF HOW WE COULD IMPROVE OUR MAGAZINE?

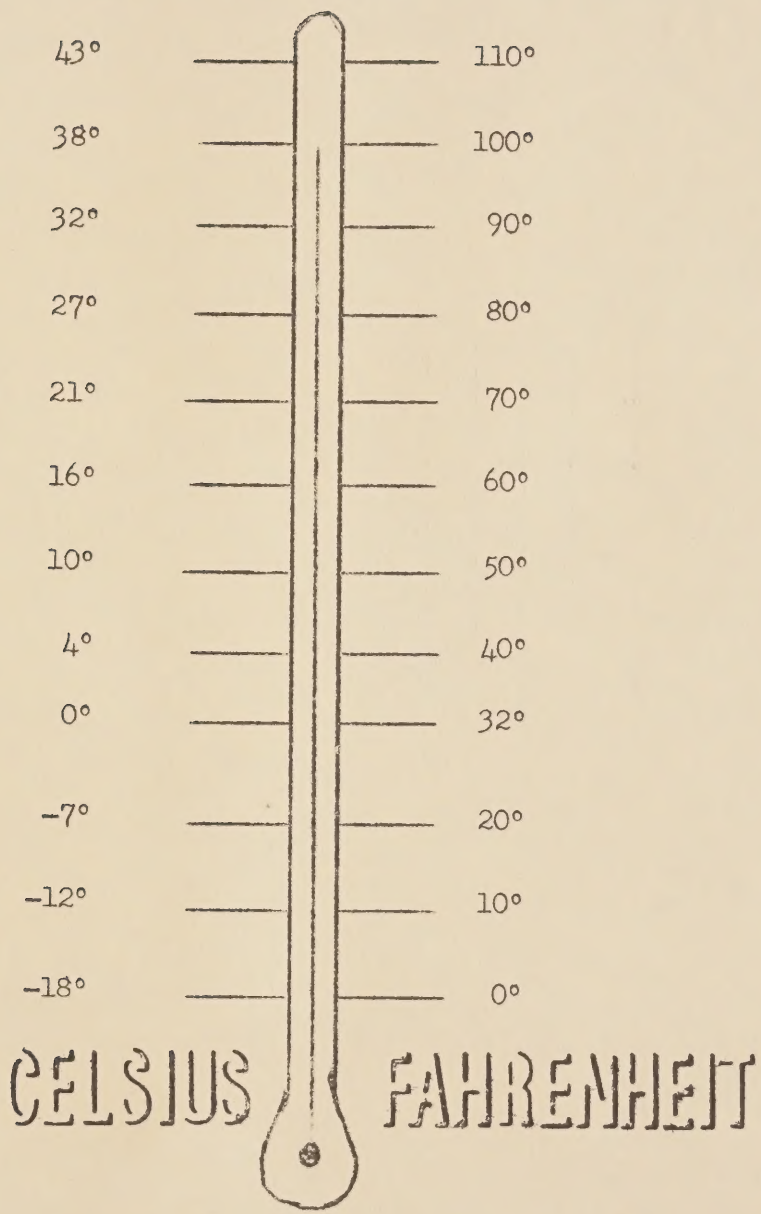
[ 3 ]

IS THERE ANYONE YOU WOULD LIKE US TO SEND A COMPLIMENTARY COPY?

[ 4 ]

ARE THERE ANY PARTICULAR SUBJECTS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE DISCUSSED IN " CHANGING TIMES "





Compliments of CHANGING TIMES



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